BANANAMAN T-SHIRTS TO BE WON! SEE PAGE 22

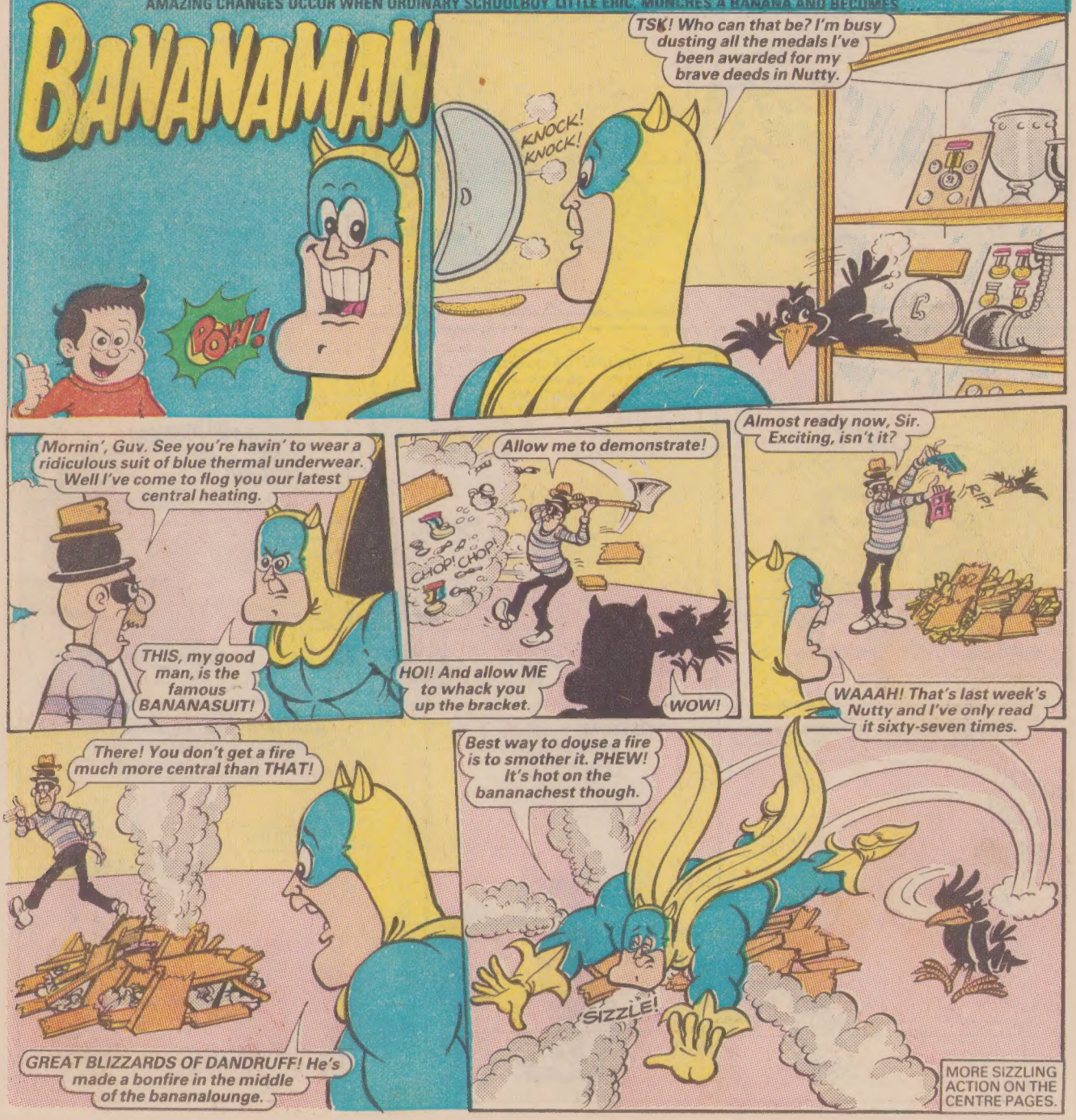
NUTTY

18p
IR-28p
(Inc. VAT)

EVERY SATURDAY No. 267 Mar. 23rd, 1985

AMAZING CHANGES OCCUR WHEN ORDINARY SCHOOLBOY LITTLE ERIC MUNCHES A BANANA AND BECOMES

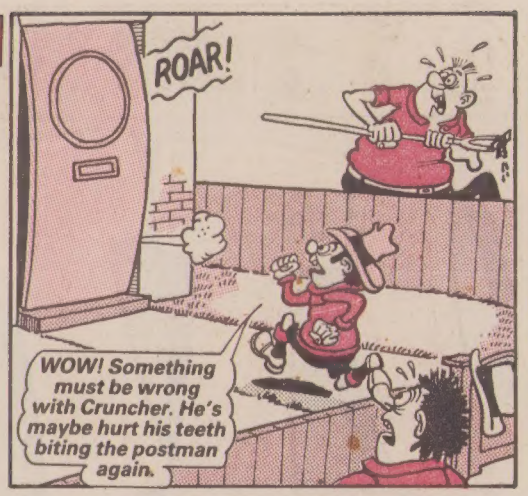
BANANAMAN

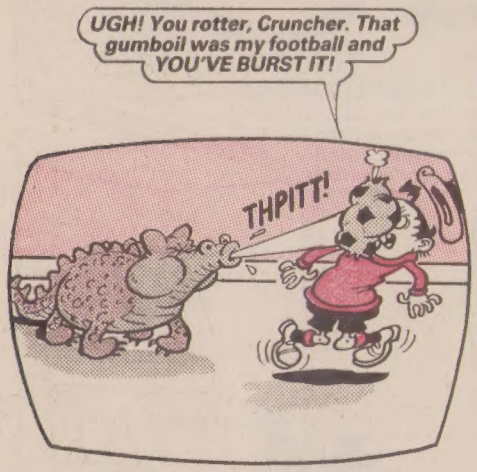

POW!
TSK! Who can that be? I'm busy dusting all the medals I've been awarded for my brave deeds in Nutty.
KNOCK! KNOCK!
Mornin', Guv. See you're havin' to wear a ridiculous suit of blue thermal underwear. Well I've come to flog you our latest central heating.
THIS, my good man, is the famous BANANASUIT!
Allow me to demonstrate!
CHOP! CHOP!
HO! And allow ME to whack you up the bracket.
WOW!
Almost ready now, Sir. Exciting, isn't it?
RIP!
WAAAH! That's last week's Nutty and I've only read it sixty-seven times.
There! You don't get a fire much more central than THAT!
GREAT BLIZZARDS OF DANDRUFF! He's made a bonfire in the middle of the bananalounge.
Best way to douse a fire is to smother it. PHEW! It's hot on the bananachest though.
SIZZLE!

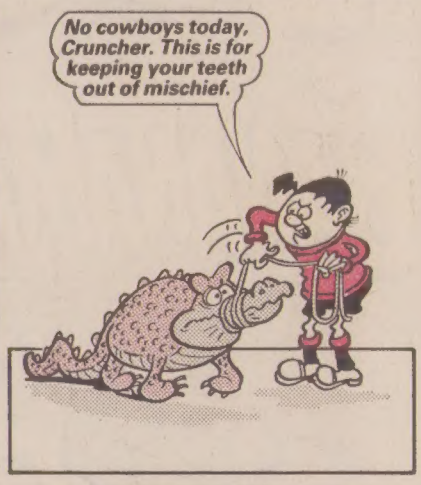
MORE SIZZLING ACTION ON THE CENTRE PAGES.

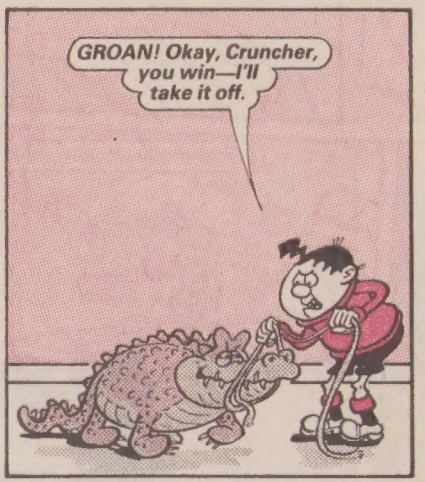
JAY R. HOOD

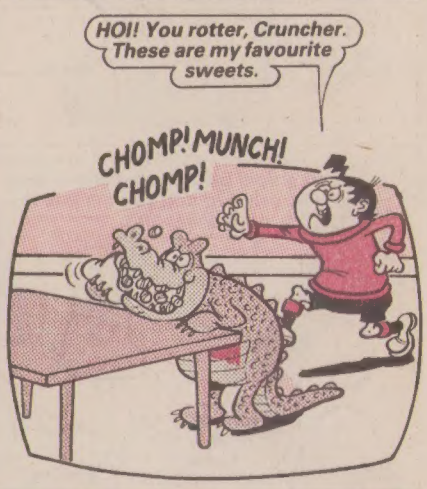
HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!

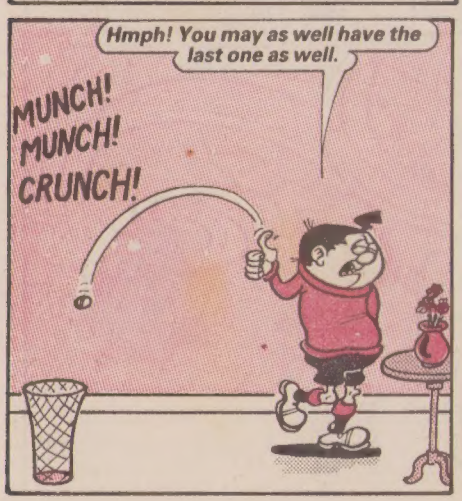












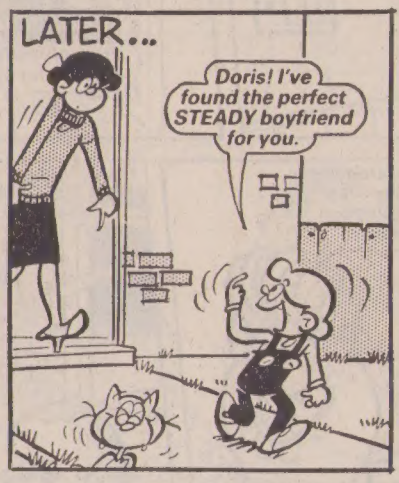
NTY.23.3.85

PETER Pest

EEK! OOO! AAR! SQUEAL!
P. PEST ESQUIRE

PEST!
I didn't know your boyfriend was allergic to my caterpillar circus.

SOB!
I'll never get a steady boyfriend with you around, Squeak! Squeak!
!
SENSITIVE SOUL!


LATER...
Doris! I've found the perfect STEADY boyfriend for you.

That's my mate Tom—have you ever seen anyone STEADIER?

You horror! I'm not going out with him!
FUME!
Come down a minute, Tom!

Er—I'll maybe not go out with him.

GONE!
That is . . . I'll be glad to go out with him. Sigh!

I'll meet you tonight and show you the sights of the town, Doris.
Super!

THAT EVENING—
Enjoying yourself, Doris?
Gibber!

Told you I'd show you the sights!
Heh! Heh! Hang on, Sis!
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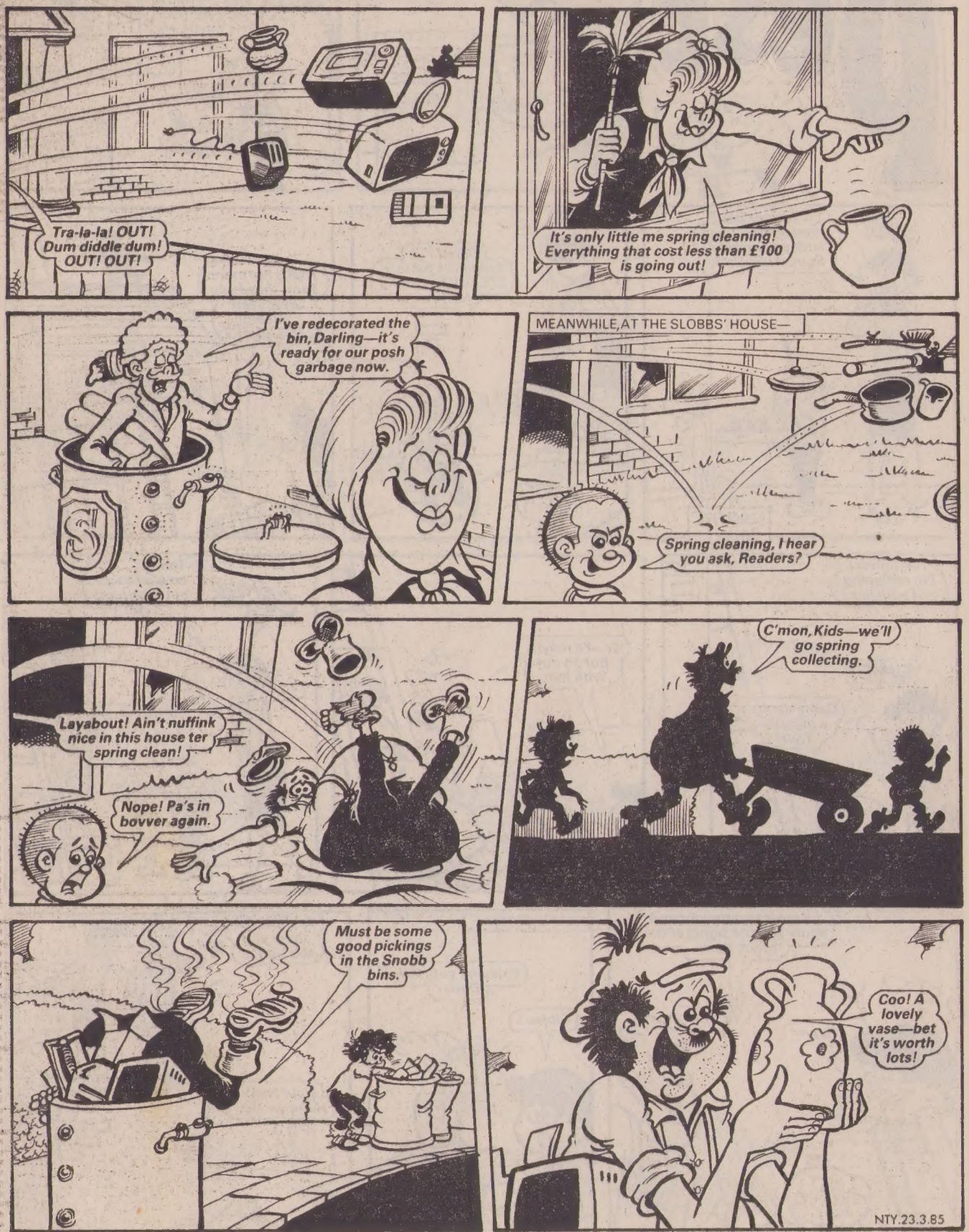
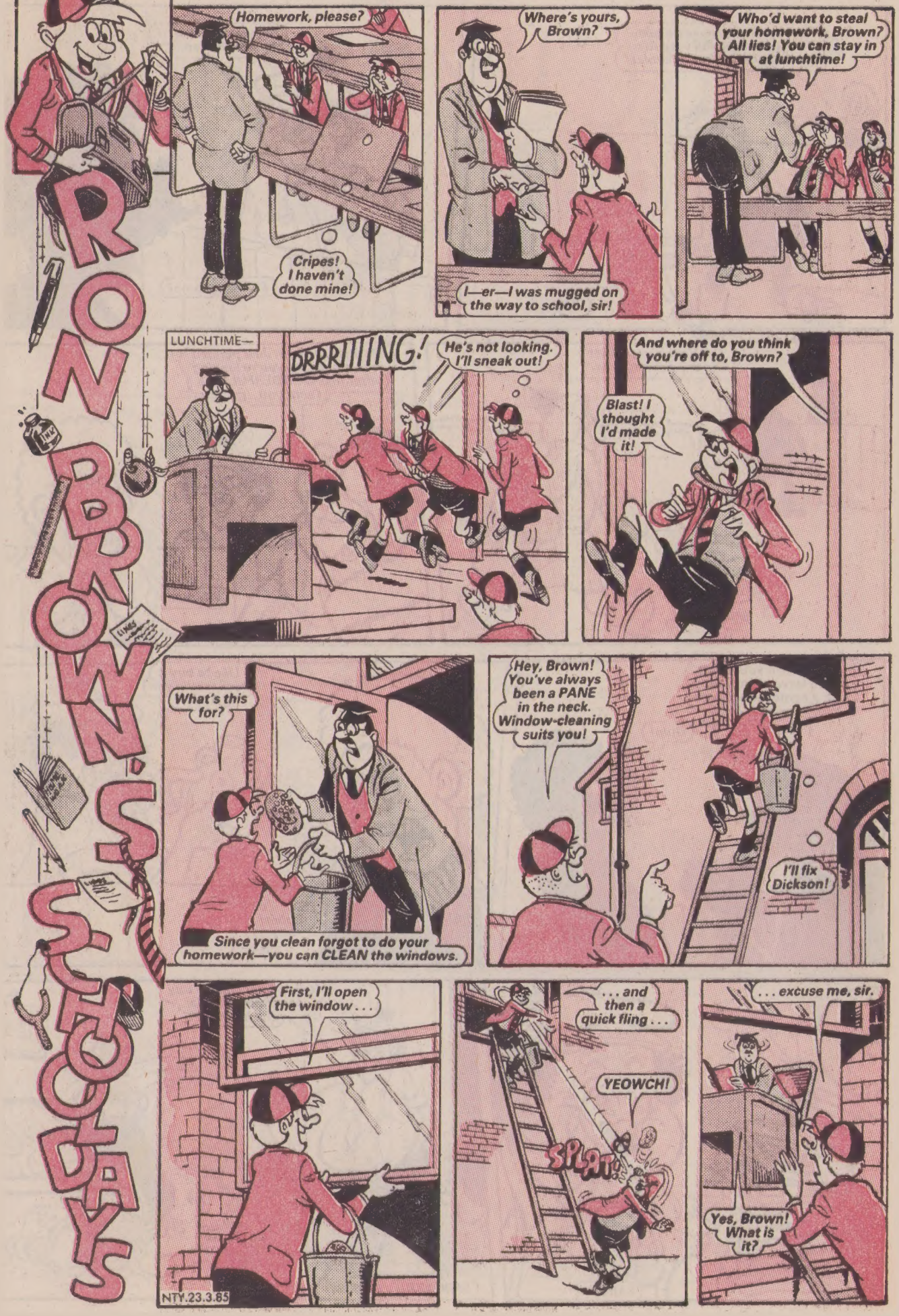
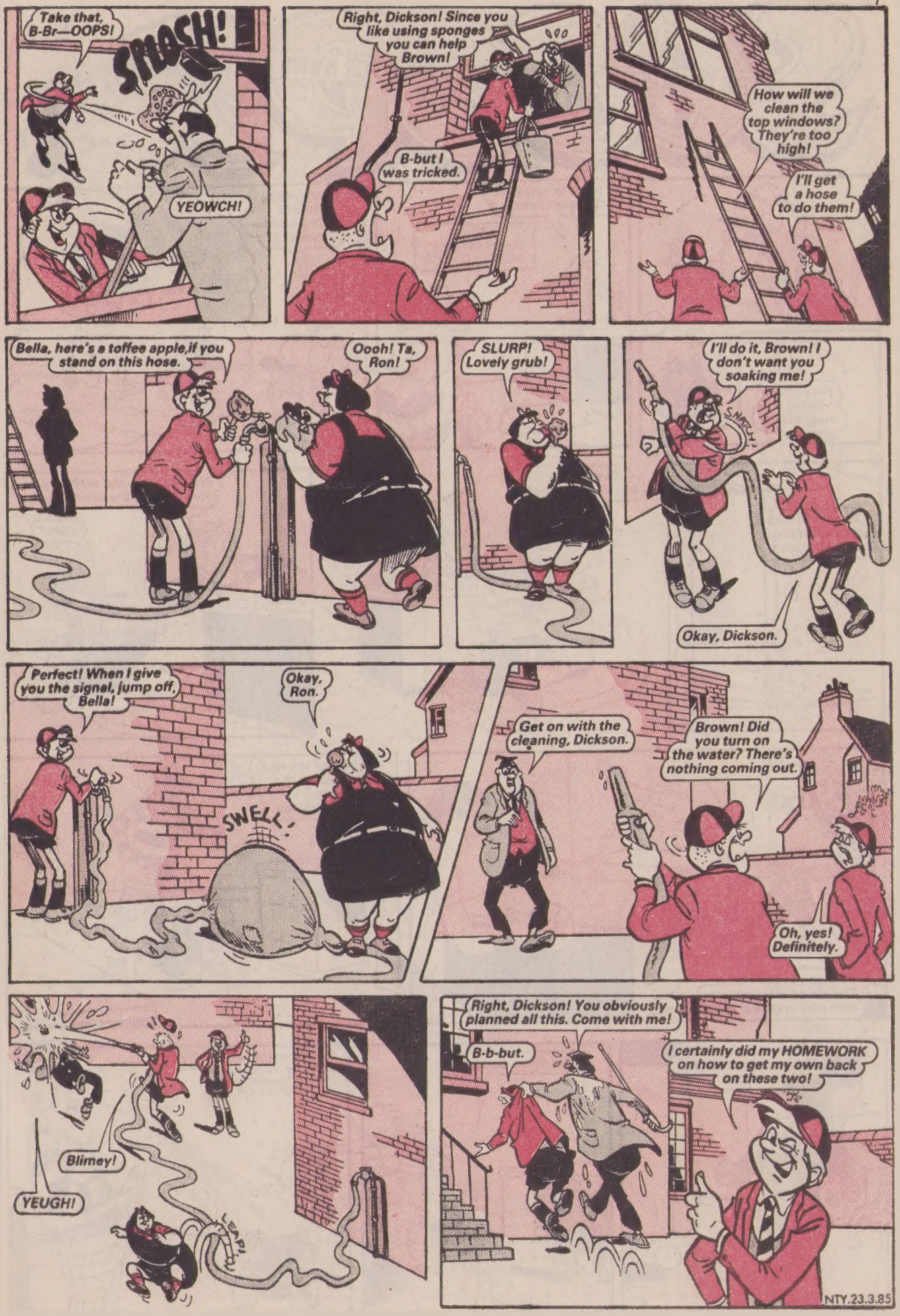
THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS


Tra-la-la! OUT! Dum diddle dum! OUT! OUT!
It's only little me spring cleaning! Everything that cost less than £100 is going out!
I've redecorated the bin, Darling—it's ready for our posh garbage now.
MEANWHILE, AT THE SLOBBS' HOUSE—
Spring cleaning, I hear you ask, Readers?
Layabout! Ain't nuffink nice in this house ter spring clean!
Nope! Pa's in bovver again.
C'mon, Kids—we'll go spring collecting.
Must be some good pickings in the Snobb bins.
Coo! A lovely vase—bet it's worth lots!
NTY.23.3.85

Ha! You Slobbs have no taste! That's the dreadful vase Aunt Cynthia sent us for Christmas!
Bet you wish you'd kept it then.
Eh? How come?
'Cos here is your Aunt Cynthia arriving now.
Morning, Arnold! Just popped in to make sure you're looking after that WONDERFUL vase I sent you.
Whimper!
Because if you're not I'll leave all my loot to a home for battered fish!
Gulp!
Like to buy it back, would yer, Arnie?
£500? You robber!
I'll take it!
YAHOO!
Here's £400, Ducks! Buy something nice for the home.
That's what I call SPRINGING a surprise!
NTY.23.3.85

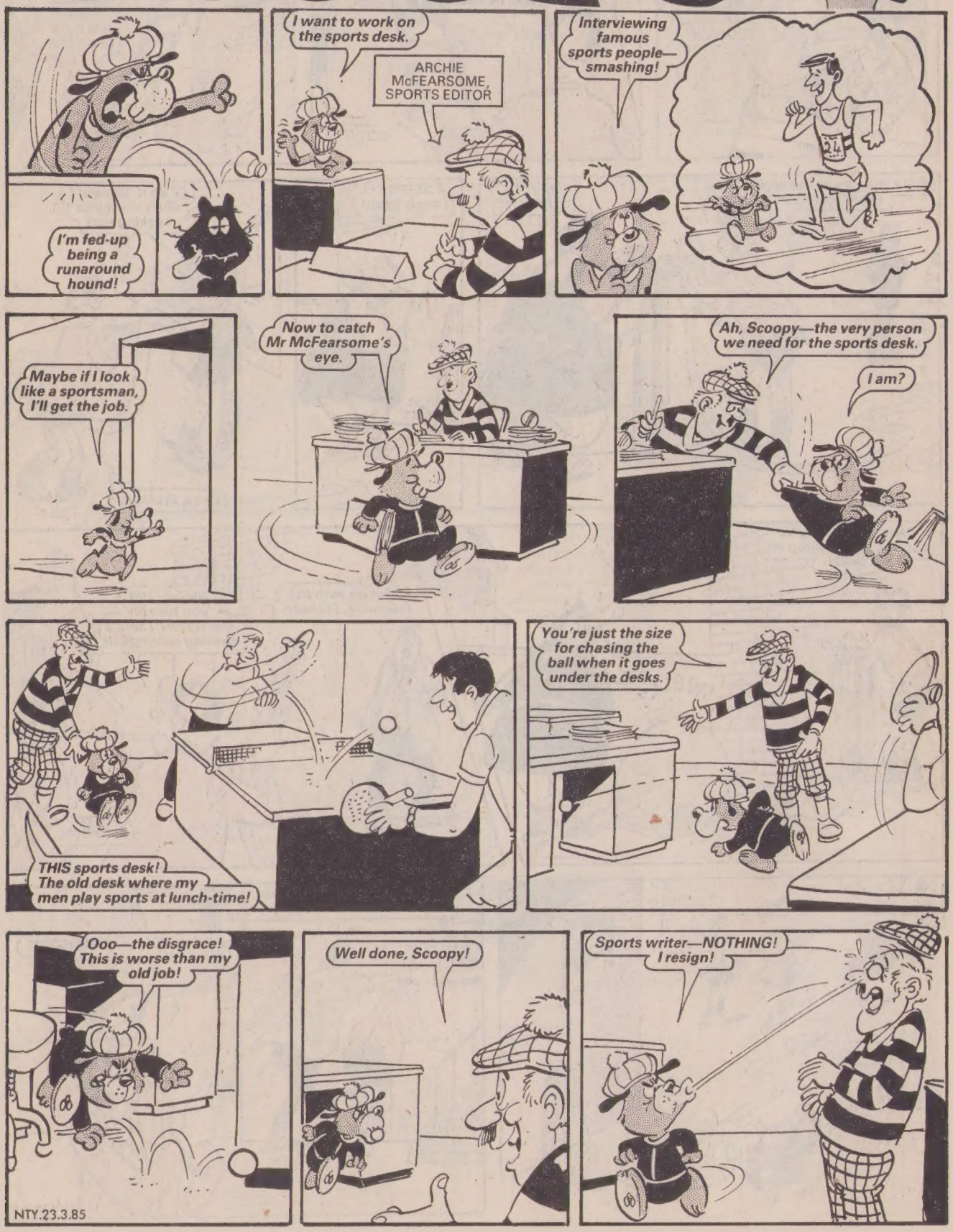
RON BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS


Homework, please?
Cripes! I haven't done mine!
Where's yours, Brown?
I—er—I was mugged on the way to school, sir!
Who'd want to steal your homework, Brown? All lies! You can stay in at lunchtime!
LUNCHTIME—
DRRRITTING!
He's not looking. I'll sneak out!
And where do you think you're off to, Brown?
Blast! I thought I'd made it!
What's this for?
Since you clean forgot to do your homework—you can CLEAN the windows.
Hey, Brown! You've always been a PANE in the neck. Window-cleaning suits you!
I'll fix Dickson!
First, I'll open the window . . .
. . . and then a quick fling . . .
YEOWCH!
SPLAT!
. . . excuse me, sir.
Yes, Brown! What is it?
NTY.23.3.85


Take that, B-Br—OOPS!
SPLOSH!
YEOWCH!
Right, Dickson! Since you like using sponges you can help Brown!
B-but I was tricked.
How will we clean the top windows? They're too high!
I'll get a hose to do them!
Bella, here's a toffee apple, if you stand on this hose.
Oooh! Ta, Ron!
SLURP! Lovely grub!
I'll do it, Brown! I don't want you soaking me!
SNATCH!
Okay, Dickson.
Perfect! When I give you the signal, jump off, Bella!
Okay, Ron.
SWELL!
Get on with the cleaning, Dickson.
Brown! Did you turn on the water? There's nothing coming out.
Oh, yes! Definitely.
Blimey!
YEUGH!
LEAP!
Right, Dickson! You obviously planned all this. Come with me!
B-b-but.
I certainly did my HOMEWORK on how to get my own back on these two!
NTY.23.3.85

SCOOPY

THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS


I'm fed-up being a runaround hound!
I want to work on the sports desk.
ARCHIE McFEARSOME, SPORTS EDITOR
Interviewing famous sports people—smashing!
Maybe if I look like a sportsman, I'll get the job.
Now to catch Mr McFearsome's eye.
Ah, Scoopy—the very person we need for the sports desk.
I am?
THIS sports desk! The old desk where my men play sports at lunch-time!
You're just the size for chasing the ball when it goes under the desks.
Ooo—the disgrace! This is worse than my old job!
Well done, Scoopy!
Sports writer—NOTHING! I resign!
NTY.23.3.85

HORACE COPE

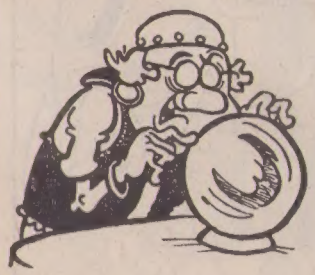
It's Claire Voyant, your aunt's birthday tomorrow. We've been invited to her party!
Well remembered. Did you see it in your crystal ball?
Yeah, it was reflected from my calendar.
MARCH
17
Oh! I'll go for some pressies!

LATER—
I could get Claire a good whodunnit—
JERSEY'S
—But with her second sight she'd know the ending. I'll get her a jersey from me and one from Gran too!
JERSEY'S
AT THE BIRTHDAY PARTY—
I'm having bad migraines!
When did this start?
Next Wednesday!
They're some of Claire's fortune-telling friends!
Happy Birthday, Auntie. I hope they fit.
Ta!

OO-ER! This one's a trifle big!
And this is a bit small!
Sorry, Claire. I couldn't remember your size.
I thought you would have known by now— I'm a MEDIUM!

NTY.23.3.85

ZSA ZSA'S POTTY PREDICTIONS.

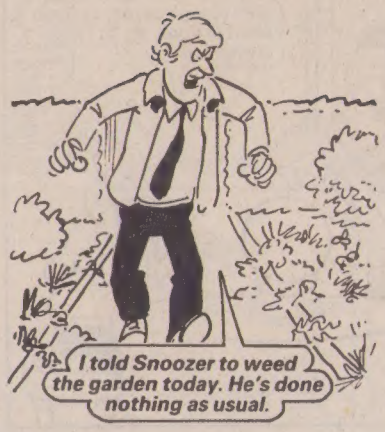


Here are Madam Zsa Zsa's predictions for you if your birthday is between March 16th and March 22nd—

Your paper round will have an extra bit of bite this week—Supplied by the dog at Number 12 Acacia Avenue. Unfortunately, despite what people say, a Terrier with terrorist tendencies has a much worse bite than a bark! You'll have problems with noisy neighbours too. They'll be banging on your walls at two o'clock in the morning—So loud in fact, that you won't be able to hear yourself playing Whap's latest record!

ARIES

SNOOZER
ZZZZZZ


I told Snoozer to weed the garden today. He's done nothing as usual.

Snoozer, why haven't you . . . oo-er! What is it,Lad?
SNUFFLE! I've got a cold, Dad.

SEE?
GOSH! Your nose is certainly big and red today.

BY JINGO! You're shivering terribly too.

This looks serious.
HEE-HEE! It was Mum's jelly that was shivering.

WOW! You're running a very high temperature.

You should be tucked up in bed with a hot drink. I'll call the doctor.
This hot mint did the trick there.

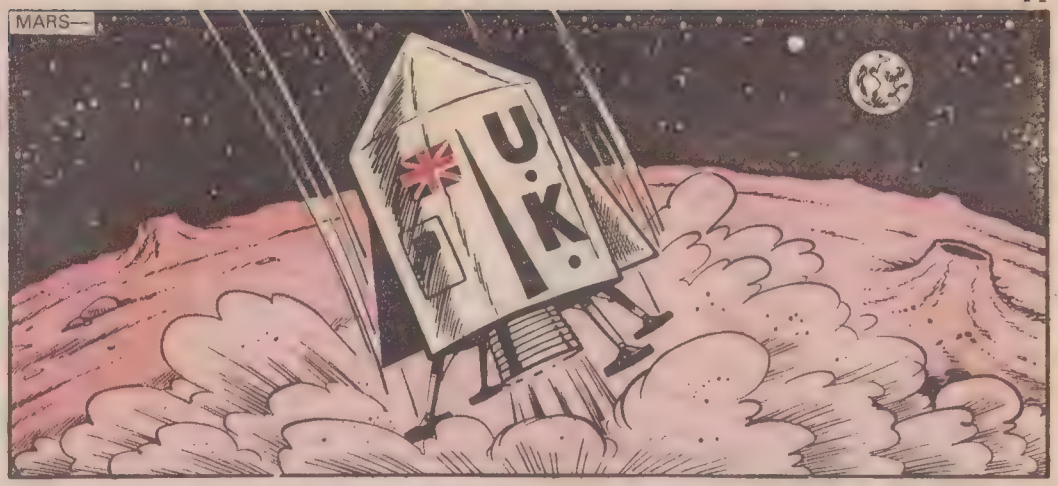
Hello, my boy — I'm Doc Alf Holliday.
Er, hello! I haven't seen you before.

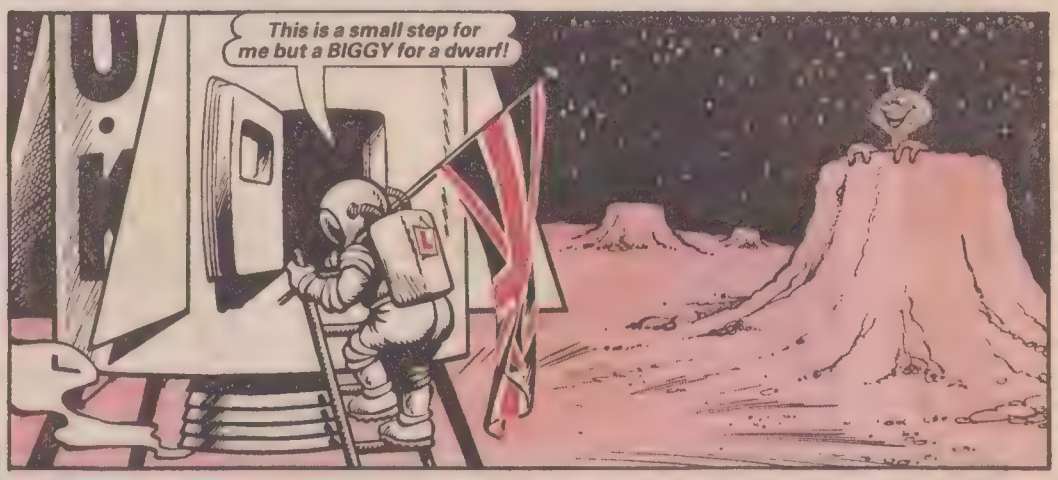
Got a cold, eh? Most doctors advise a spell in a warm bed, but not me . . .
What's your cure then?

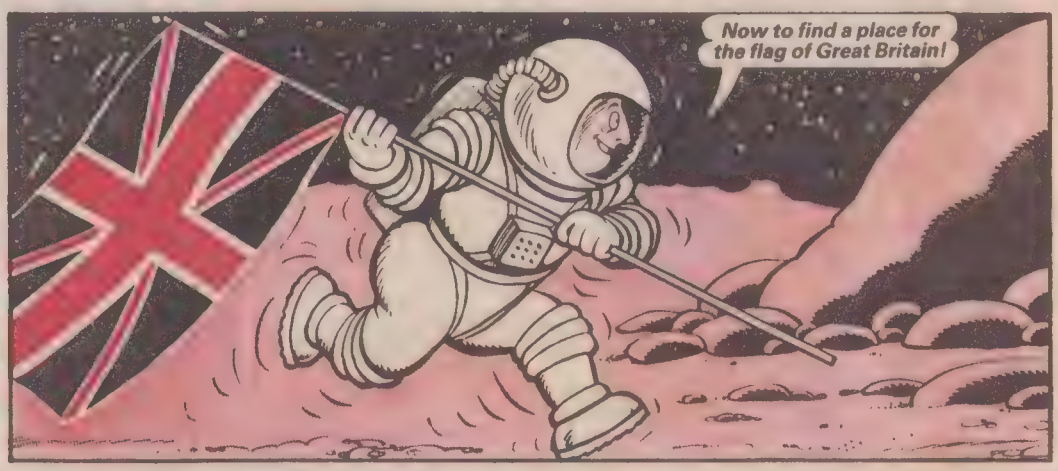
MOMENTS LATER—
Fresh air and healthy exercise is the best cure for the common cold.
GASP! PANT!
NTY.23.3.85

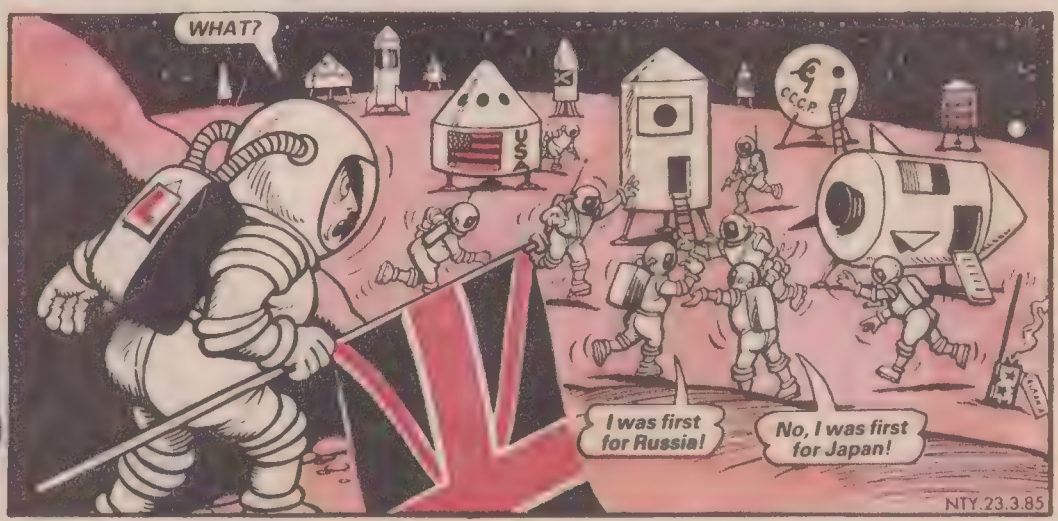
HEE! HEE! I've outfoxed Snoozer this week.
Phew! I feel better now, Doc. Honest!

NUTTY TALES


MARS—
U.K.


This is a small step for me but a BIGGY for a dwarf!
U.K.


Now to find a place for the flag of Great Britain!


WHAT?
U.S.A.
C.C.C.P.
I was first for Russia!
No, I was first for Japan!
NTY.23.3.85

BANANAMAN

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER—

I must show you our deluxe heating system next, Sir.

If you must.

This is our latest PERSONAL HI FRY SYSTEM. I'll show you how it works.

How do I look?

Daft!

Now we're ready to switch the whole system on.

UNG! UNG!

HEY! Put my medals down. They're worth an absolute fortune.

That's why I'm nickin' them.

Bye, Sucker! You'll be PIPING HOT in there all right.

GASP! That was Fingers of the Heavy Mob. PHEW! I'm melting.

WOW! You've turned into a tiny hot tot, Mr B.

That's about the size of it, Crow.

Okay, Crow, to the fruit bowl.

Righto, Mr B.

UGH! Thanks, Crow — a direct hit on a rotten banana.

SPLUDGE!

GRR! That rotten banana's put me in a really foul mood. I'll clobber that villain.

MEANWHILE—

I'll get a good price for these medals in here.

HIGH CLASS SECOND HAND SHOP

CHEAP THIS

CHEAP THAT

Right then, how about this little lot?

RATTLE!

HMM!?!

Not bad but the chocolate's a bit hard.

WHAT? CHOCOLATE MEDALS! So that's all they thought Bananaman was worth.

You've eaten the lot. C'mon, they must've been worth something.

Well, I suppose so.

You can have this stuffed warthog.

SHEE! You're too kind.

Look, Crow — it's him. I'll go the WHOLE HOG and investigate.

NTY. 23.3.85.

GOTCHA! Now gimme back my medals.

DOOPH! He's got me HOG TIED!

I swopped them for that stuffed warthog. HONEST!

OH, NO! Not my medals.

Heh! I've awarded myself the BWM, the Bananaman Warthog Medal 'cos I'm so wonderful, Readers.

NTY. 23.3.85

WOOPS-A-DAISY
For goodness sake, Daisy, stop slouching.
I'm not — I'm just restin' my body muscles.
HOTEL POSH
SCREAM!
OOF!
BASH!
Daisy, watch where you're going!
You should learn to walk elegantly like that young model.
CHORTLE! She's not walking very elegantly just now.
GASP! Little brat.
SHOT
If I'm to walk tall like a model you'll have to buy me the proper shoes.
GROAN! Me and my big mouth.
Are you sure these are the type of shoes for you, Miss?
Oh, yes, I can walk in them no bother at . . .
Careful, Daisy!
YIKES! I never did have a head for heights.
TRIP!
Now look what you've done.
THUNK!
Don't panic, Missus — I'll get it down.
TOPPLE!
Got it — WOOPS!
FUME! You'll catch it.
BONK!
SHOO! SHOO!
YEOW! If you can't walk nicely, Daisy, just RUN!
You can keep your SHOOS — Ta-Ta!
BACK HOME—
These fashion magazines will have you walking like a model.
I'm not reading all that lot for handy hints.
BUT—
You don't have to READ them, Daisy — you WEAR them.
BAH! But I still don't LOOK like a model.
NTY.23.3.85

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NOT ACTUAL SIZE

Only with Nikki FOR GIRLS

ON SALE SATURDAY, MARCH 23 ISSUE DATED MARCH 30 20p

NTY.23.3.85

ATTENTION ALL MINXES AND MENACES!

STAND BY FOR A GOOD LONG LAUGH! LOOK OUT FOR THESE TWO SUPER "BEANO COMIC LIBRARIES"!

EXTRA-LONG COMIC ADVENTURES FEATURING YOUR FAVOURITE FUN PALS

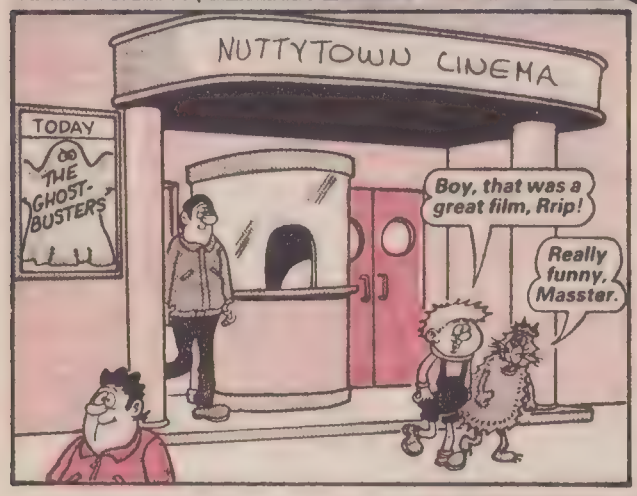
START COLLECTING THEM NOW! THEY'RE GRRREAT!

ON SALE NOW PRICE 22 PEACH

THIS WEEK
Mr Mole
Is that your turn, Smithers?
Certainly not, Smithers.
RRRUMBLE!
RRiP!
It's me—Mr Mole, the tunnelling tornado!
COO!
Now quick, hand over the—
What an amazing machine.
Spiffing, isn't it?
Do you like it? I designed it myself!
You'd be amazed at what it can do.
HOP
It can dive down—
RRRR!
—And it can come up again.
It can even go through walls!
ZOOM!
CRASH!
I do wish you and Smithers would stop fooling around, Smithers.
MANAGER OFFICE
NTY.23.3.85
Yes, Your Mr Managerness, sir!

THEN—
We're a bit cramped in here, but I'll take you for a ride.
My, that would be fantoosh!
WHOOP-TEE-DO! This is amazing!
It's a bit like the funfair.
Wasn't that fun?
CRASH!
I'll say
Anyway, back to business. I'll just grab the loot and go!
Don't you dare!
There's a policeman, he might see you.
O'Reilly!
Mole!
Back to the Molemobile!
CASH
BUT—
PUTTER! PUTTER! WHEEZE!
Oh no! With all that joy riding—
—I've run out of fuel!
Don't worry about that—We'll pay our share.
NTY.23.3.85

NIP and RRIP


NUTTYTOWN CINEMA
TODAY
THE GHOST-BUSTERS
Boy, that was a great film, Rrip!
Really funny, Masster.

BUS STOP
Could we be ghostbusters, Rrip?
Easy, Masster! We'd show those ghosts!

The only snag is, where do we find ghosts?
MMM . . .
Fares please?

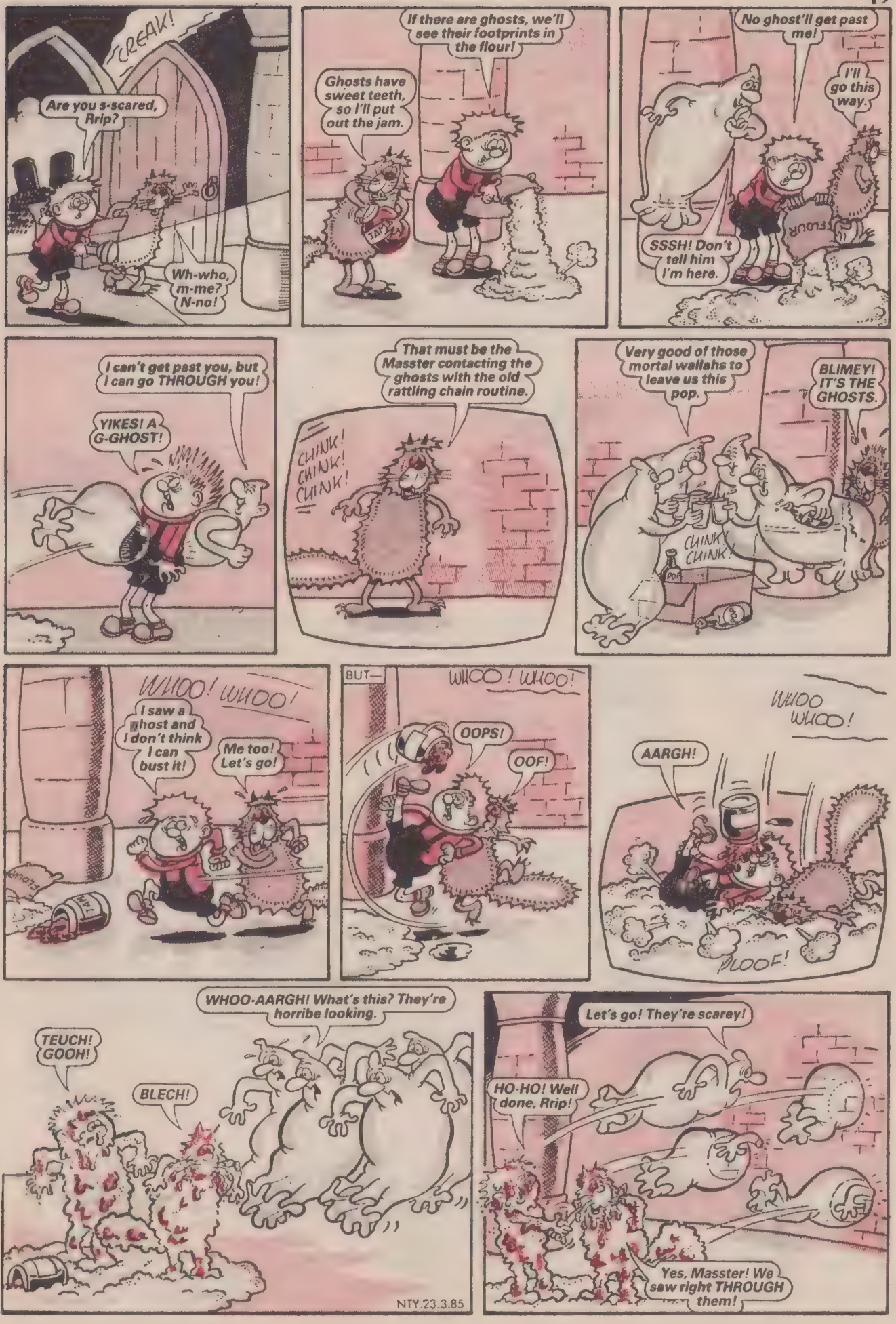
I've got it! The churchyard!
Right! Let's go!
HOI! WATCH IT!

The twerps haven't paid their fares.
What's upset them, Rrip?
BUS STOP
Beats me, Masster! Grown-ups are always moaning.

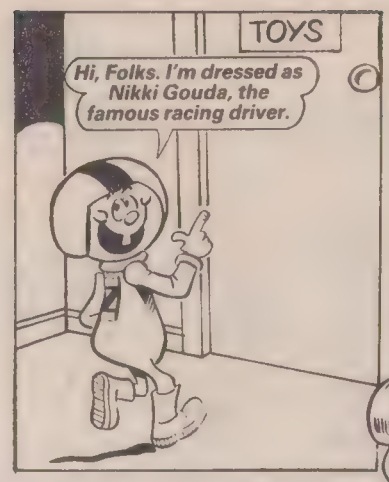
THAT NIGHT—
Let's go, Rrip!
Yeah, the ghosts will be up by now.
NTY.23.3.85

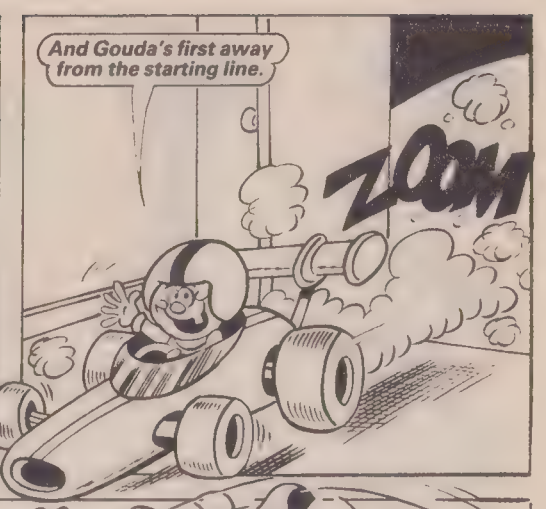
I think we have everything, Rrip!
Everything but the kitchen sink, Masster!
FLOUR
JAM

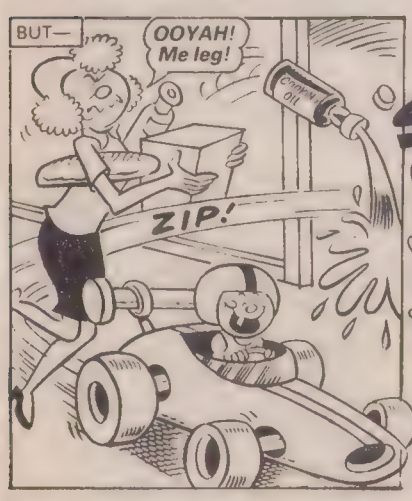
Th-this is f-fun, Rrip!
Any-anything y-you say, Masster!

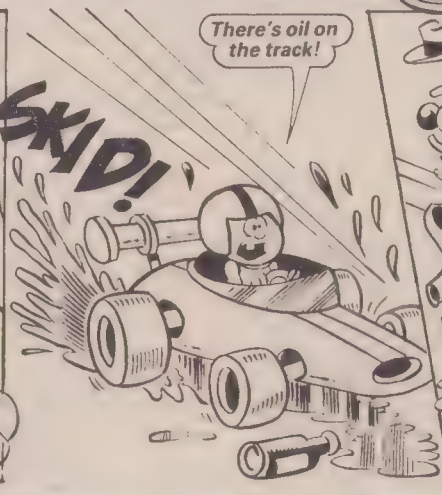

CREAK!
Are you s-scared, Rrip?
Wh-who, m-me? N-no!
If there are ghosts, we'll see their footprints in the flour!
Ghosts have sweet teeth, so I'll put out the jam.
JAM
No ghost'll get past me!
I'll go this way.
FLOUR
SSSH! Don't tell him I'm here.
I can't get past you, but I can go THROUGH you!
YIKES! A G-GHOST!
That must be the Masster contacting the ghosts with the old rattling chain routine.
CHINK! CHINK! CHINK!
Very good of those mortal wallahs to leave us this pop.
BLIMEY! IT'S THE GHOSTS.
CHINK! CHINK!
POP
WHOO! WHOO!
I saw a ghost and I don't think I can bust it!
Me too! Let's go!
BUT—
WHOO! WHOO!
OOPS!
OOF!
WHOO WHOO!
AARGH!
PLOOF!
WHOO-AARGH! What's this? They're horrible looking.
TEUCH! GOOH!
BLECH!
NTY.23.3.85
Let's go! They're scarey!
HO-HO! Well done, Rrip!
Yes, Masster! We saw right THROUGH them!

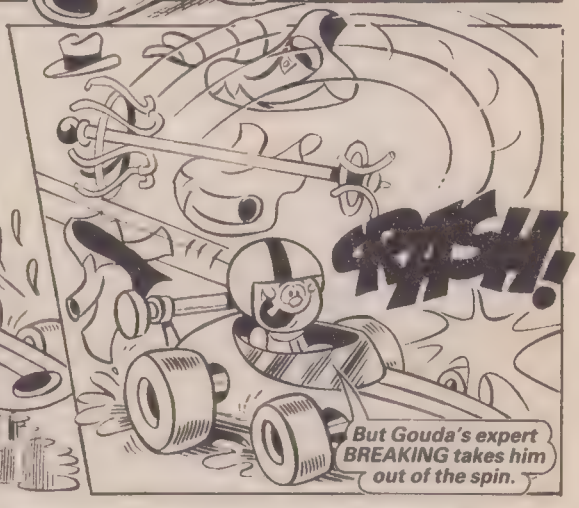
TWEET WILLIAM

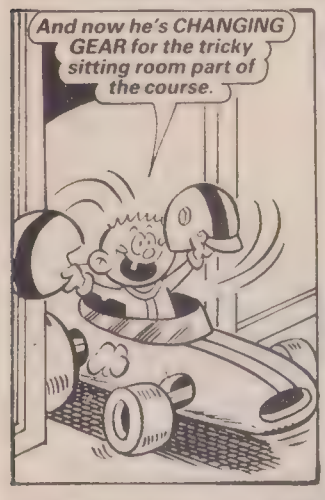


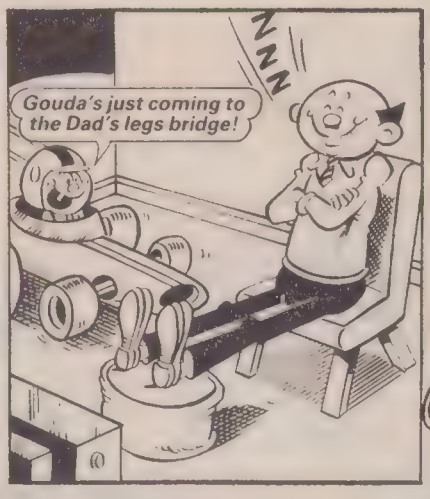


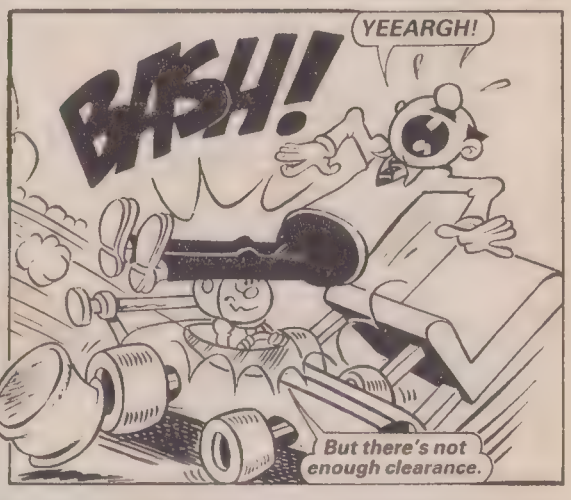


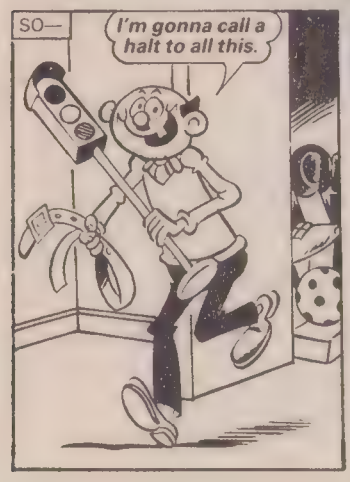


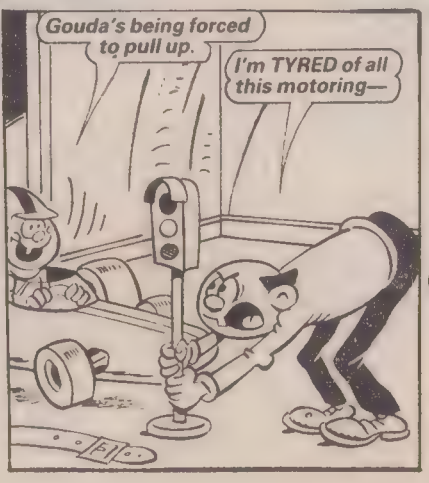


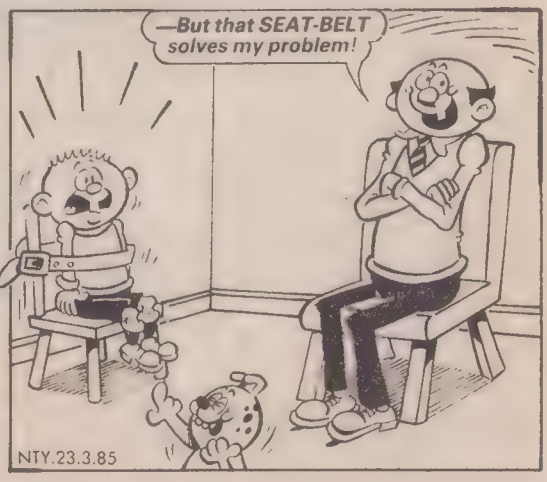












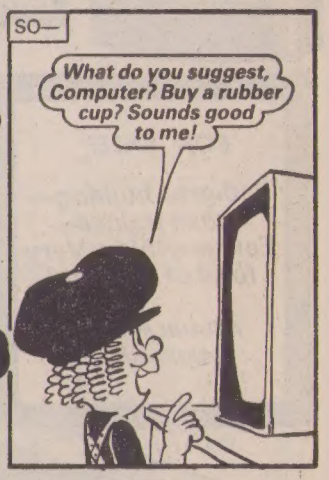
MICRO DOT

Dot, it's supper-time!
Oh, no. Here we go again.
GOOD LUCK!

Get ready, Dot. Here she comes.

YEARGH!
TRIP!

TCH! That happens at every meal.
Yeah! Something has to be done.


SO—
What do you suggest, Computer? Buy a rubber cup? Sounds good to me!

NEXT DAY—
This is just what you want!

It's so heavy and bouncy that it's impossible to break!

AT LUNCH—
My cup's safe, Dad. Just watch.

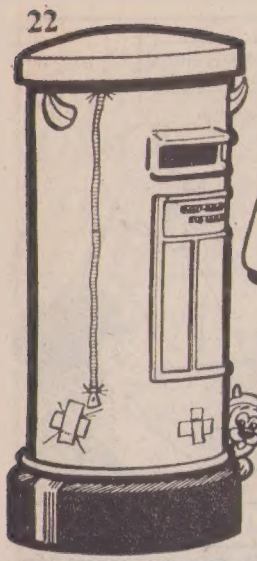
YIKES!

GRR! Your cup certainly is safe, Dot—

—But nothing else is!
BAH! The weight of that cup broke all the crockery!
NTY.23.3.85

WRITE TO.....

BANANAMAN



SEND YOUR LETTER, JOKE, POEM OR DRAWING TO—

BANANAMAN, 'NUTTY,'
P.O. BOX 263,
20 CATHCART STREET,
KENTISH TOWN,
LONDON NW5 3BN.

FOR SALE!

Pedigree bulldog—House trained—Eats anything. Very fond of children!

MELANIE McEWAN, SANDWICH

FOOD FARCE!

"Waiter, I can't eat this stew — Call the manager." "He wouldn't eat it either, Sir!"

GRAEME HALL, FULHAM.

DEAD BORING!

Where do skeletons go on holiday?

GRAVESEND!

JOSEPH ELLIS, SALFORD.

UDDER-WATER ANTICS!

What do you throw a cow when it's drowning?
A MILK FLOAT!

PETER DONNELLY, HULL.

IT'S A QUACKER!

How do ducks dance?
Slow slow, quack quack, slow!

WENDY SMITH, DUNDEE.

ANDREW TOMLINSON, CHESHIRE.

MAD MATHS!

TEACHER:- What's five plus five?
TWEET WILLIAM:- That's two times five, Sir!

SHAUN ROBERTS, TELFORD.

A LOAD OF TRIBES!

What do you call a Scottish Red Indian Chief?
Hawkeye The Noo!

SURINDER DHILLER, GLASGOW.

GOING FOR GOLD!

A prospector both daring and bold,
Last November went panning for gold.
By the end of the day,
He had three tons of clay,
Four fish, seven boots and a cold!

MARK CLEARY, DUBLIN.

PULLING THE WOOL OVER THEIR EYES!

What do sheep wear on their heads in winter?
BAA-LACLAVAS!

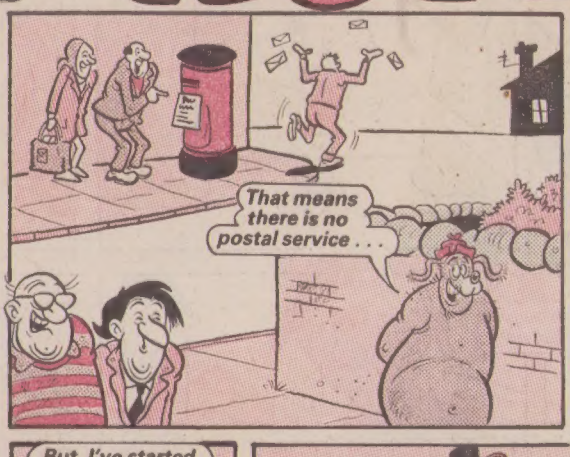
JOANNA BELL, FORFAR.

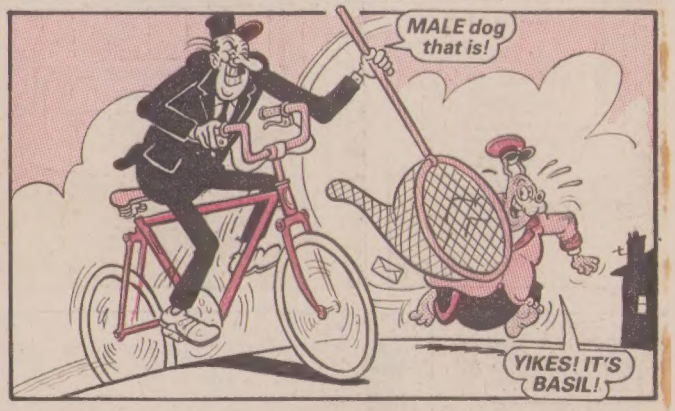
IF **YOUR** LETTER IS PRINTED YOU'LL WIN THIS FANTASTIC BANANAMAN T-SHIRT!

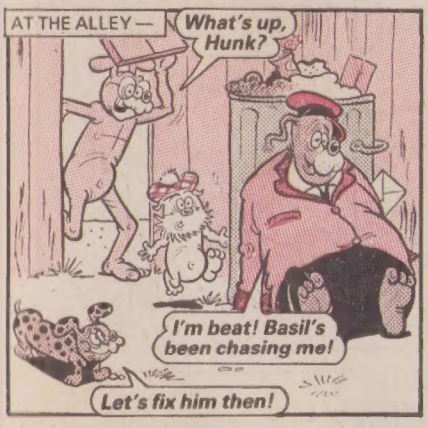
DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE WITH YOUR LETTER—

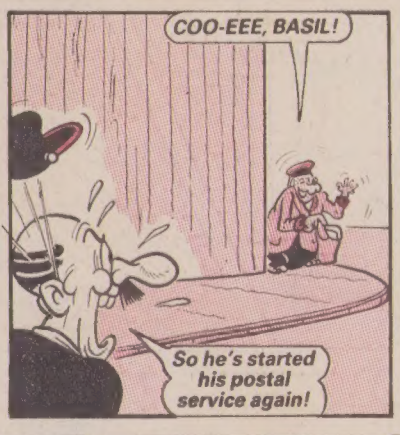
NTY.23.3.85

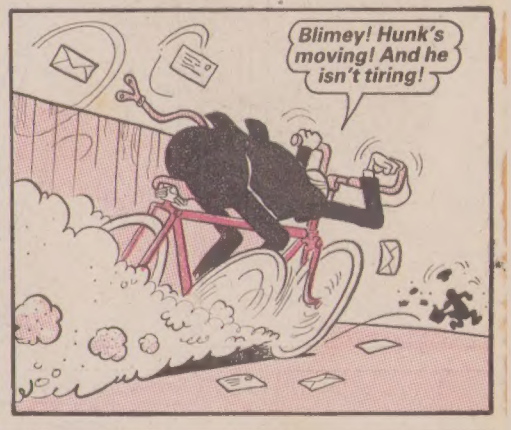
THE WILD ROVERS

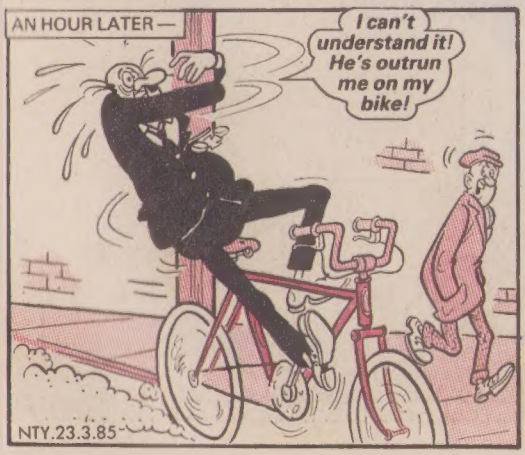


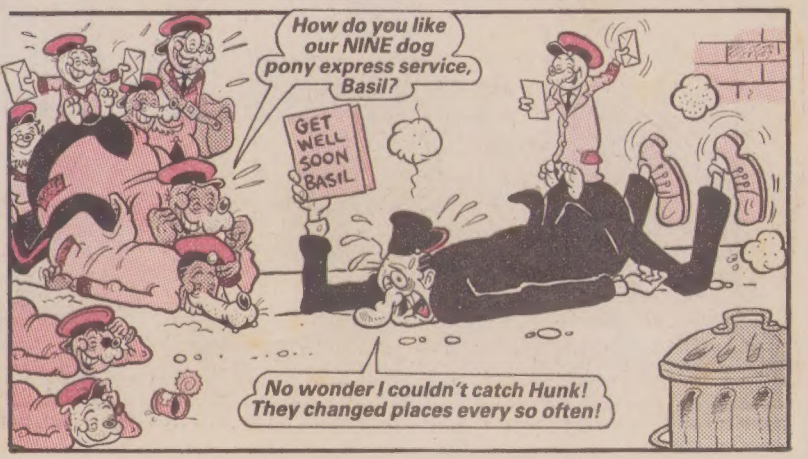


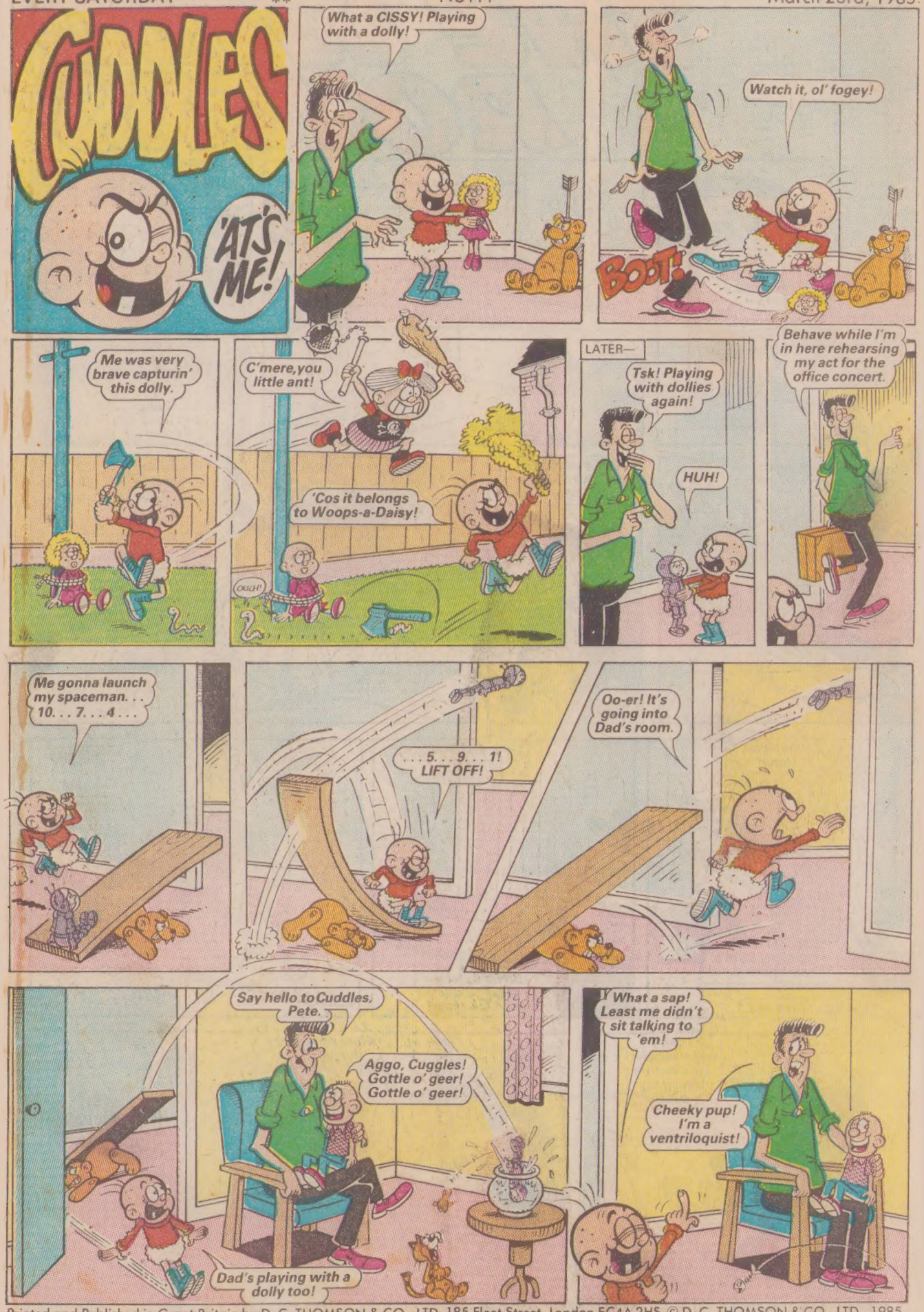









How do you like our NINE dog pony express service, Basil?
GET WELL SOON BASIL
No wonder I couldn't catch Hunk! They changed places every so often!


CUDDLES
'AT'S ME!
What a CISSY! Playing with a dolly!
Watch it, ol' fogey!
BOOT!
Me was very brave capturin' this dolly.
C'mere, you little ant!
'Cos it belongs to Woops-a-Daisy!
OUCH!
LATER—
Tsk! Playing with dollies again!
HUH!
Behave while I'm in here rehearsing my act for the office concert.
Me gonna launch my spaceman... 10... 7... 4...
...5... 9... 1! LIFT OFF!
Oo-er! It's going into Dad's room.
Say hello to Cuddles, Pete.
Aggo, Cuggles! Gottle o' geer! Gottle o' geer!
Dad's playing with a dolly too!
What a sap! Least me didn't sit talking to 'em!
Cheeky pup! I'm a ventriloquist!

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